

Sketch

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Listen, Thorgus

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bones of dead men, of the dust of strange worlds, of fire drawn from the farthest corners of space. Yet I was in the beginning of time, and I shall see the last star fade, for I am space, and time, and the fading star. My finger rests on the pulse of changing, flowing worlds, and all eternity is my home.

❖

Listen, Thorgus

Robert B. Wallace

S. '40

Thorgus, you are deaf.
Once when you were very young
God spoke gently to you,
And Thorgus, you responded joyfully.
But now you are smothered
By the foul husk of iniquity.
God whispers to you still,
But what you hear are Satanic perversions.
Thorgus, you didn't hear today
The jubilant carol of the hermit thrush.
I mourn for you.

Thorgus, you are blind.
Once when you were still young
A wave of hate, conceived
In teeming flats, in the smut of society,
Flung an ugly cataract
Over your eyes and reduced
Your vision to Satanic fractions.
Thorgus, you didn't see today
The flashing redbird in the flowering dogwood.
I weep for you.